Windsor Castle

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THE WEEDS of PARNASSUS,

A COLLECTION of Original

POEMS.

By TIMOTHY SCRIBBLE.

When Heav'n at firſt pronounc'd all Creatures good,
A ſcribbl'ing Poet was not underſtood;
He ſprung long ſince, from ſome penurious Elf,
Good Senſe to torture, and to vex himſelf;
Doom'd from the Womb to feel this dreadful Curſe,
A thread-bare Garment, with an empty Purſe
Fated on Sounds and Numbers to be fed,
And what's more wretched,---Write for daily Bread.

ROCHESTER:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, BY T. FISHER;
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THE uſual method taken by young authors, (to apologiſe, for their having loaded the public with their works,) is, "That their performance would never have made its appearance from the preſs; but, through the importunities of ſeveral particular friends, they were obliged to comply—When from the firſt time of their making a couplet, they have aſpir'd to the hopes of ſometime or other ſeeing their names adorn, (like many of their uſeleſs brethren) a bookſellers duſty ſhelf, there to be devour'd by worms, and to be laſhed by critical reviewers for not having money ſufficient to ſend them the accuſtom'd fee.

I ingeniouſly confeſs that the favorable reception a former piece met with from the partiality of my friends, and the indulgence of the public, has made me vain enough to make a ſecond attempt on their patience.

The following pieces were wrote at ſeveral times, when I had a leiſure hour from a laborious vocation, and vary, according to the different humour at the compoſing. I have collected them together, and as ſuch I offer them to the peruſal of the Impartial—and ſhall conclude this addreſs in the words of the poet,

" I ſpeak ſometimes, you'll hear his lordſhip cry,
" Becauſe ſome ſpeak that have leſs ſenſe than I.

☞ *It was thought by ſome of the ſubſcribers that the work abounded too much with Prologues and Epilogues; to remove that objection, I have ſuppreſt ſome, and inſerted in their room (by permiſſion of an intimate friend) ſome original productions of his; thinking it would make the collection more agreeable.*

Thoſe pieces are diſtinguiſhed by this character, ✝

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THE

WEEDS of PARNASSUS,

A COLLECTION of ORIGINAL

POEMS.

A

TRIP to WINDSOR,

MOST HUMBLY INSCRIBED

To W-----m S---h, Gent.

AMIDST the ſmiles of fortune while you'r gay,
LORENZO deign to favor this eſſay;
A tribute due to you my *honor'd friend*,
My grateful muſe preſumes theſe lines to ſend;
And, as thy circling hours glide ſmoothly o'er
With ancient authors, vers'd in claſſic lore;
When I attempt to tread the devious way,
O! may thy genius ſhield my humble lay!

OF warlike chiefs I'll not pretend to ſing,
Whoſe fatal ſword does dire deſtruction bring;
Nor ſtill more vainly chaunt a monarch's praiſe,
That ſeeks in bloody pomp his fame to raiſe.

A Gay

Gay pleaſure's ſmiling train, that theme I chuſe,
Thoſe heartfelt joys no STOIC could refuſe,
When to Windſorian ſhades we took our way;
In thought I ſtill enjoy the jocund day.

EARLY from LUD's* proud buildings we withdrew,
Its lofty towers ſoon leſſen'd to our view;
We left its buſy cares and noiſy ſtrife,
T'explore the pleaſures of a rural life;
Thro' Brentford ſtreets our bones ſeverely ſhook,
The pavement rough, I cannot here o'erlook.
This town ſo famous for the late diſpute,
Where WILKES contended with the tool of BUTE;
Here he was often made the county's choice,
As oft expell'd by ev'ry courtier's voice;
The friends to freedom here, in crouds were ſeen,
Regardleſs elſe, to me the town had been.

O'ER Hounſlow-heath the nimble courſers bound,
Where public rapine often peſts the ground;
Doom'd by the laws here pendent wretches † wave,
Deny'd funereal rites, or ſilent grave;
The lifeleſs corps to injure is unjuſt,
Degraded mortals ought to ſleep in duſt;
Experience ſhews its purpoſes are vain,
Thieves fear not dead men, and defy the chain!

AT Stamford-bridge we chearfully alight,
Rolls, coffee, tea, a very pleaſing ſight;
Let poets ſing of Jove's ambroſial food,
And (tho' they taſte not) ſwear his nectar's good;
Had ſome ſtarv'd witling eat of our repaſt,
Ardent he'd pray'd the feaſt might always laſt;
The rolls ſo good, their praiſe I will rehearſe,
Nor yet unworthy the ſublimeſt verſe.

* LONDON ſaid to be built by LUD.

† The Highwaymen, &c. hung in chains on Hounſlow-heath.

We now refreſh'd, purſu'd our deſtin'd way,
Arriv'd at Windsor e're meridian day.
On riſing ground the town ſuperior ſtands,
Uprais'd triumphant, o'er the adjoining lands.
The tow'ring caſtle of ſtupendous height,
An awful ſtructure, ſtrikes the gazing ſight;
Near to the town, the park's refreſhing ſhade,
From noon-tide heat invites the rural blade.
Here ſtands the lodge, a building plain and neat,
From ſplendid cares, late William's* fond retreat;
His bounty oft the peaſant's wants ſupply'd,
Each woodland nymph bewails the time he dy'd.
We view'd each room, each curious work ſurvey'd,
Which laſting honor to the founder paid.

Return'd —— we to the caſtle forward bend,
With eager pace and ſoon the height aſcend;
When thro' the gates the chapel met our ſight,
Where hang the arms of many a garter'd knight;
The Gothic ſtalls are in due order plac'd,
And over head with ſtreaming banners grac'd;
The rules, the orders, oaths, —— each ſacred rite,
In golden books are kept from vulgar ſight.
Without the dome a neat and pleaſant row
Of humble roofs, the royal bounty ſhow;
Where the poor Knights† in quietneſs reſide,
Here freed from faction, and what elſe betide
The guilty great, whoſe ſharpeſt ſting is pride.

With eaſy ſteps the tower now we gain,
Where captive Kings have drag'd the galling chain;

* Late Duke of Cumberland]

† Theſe are penſioners ſupported by the knights of the garter, and call'd the poor knights of Windsor.

Two Monarch's* here at once their fate bemoan'd,
Proud France and Scotland's Kings in priſon groan'd:
The rooms with curious tapeſtry were hung;
And ſhew'd thoſe ſcenes which tuneful OVID ſung;
The diſtant hills, the river's fertil ſhore,
To them denied its pleaſures to explore.

Here from the top, you at one view ken o'er
Twelve counties, far as human eye can ſoar,
There WINDSOR-FOREST riſes to your ſight
Whoſe leafy ſhade was POPE's ſupreme delight,
The tuneful bard its many beauties ſhow'd,
His poem† with celeſtial ardor glow'd.
There Cranbourn lodge of Gloſter's duke the ſeat,
Here WALDGRAVE's manſion‡ their ſecure retreat;
Where oft the duke his ardent flame confeſt,
Till Hymen's rites in ſecret made them bleſt.

The ſilver Thames in ſtreams meandring glide,
The Thames, fair England's ſplendor and its pride;
Lo! Eaton College in the vale below
Which to the muſes HARRY§ did beſtow;
To ſacred learning this foundation rear'd,
Its beams divine in early times appear'd.
The terras walk we with ſurpriſe behold,
Of which the guides have oft the ſtory told;

* In this Tower the kings of France and Scotland were priſoners at one time.

† Mr. Pope's Poem, call'd WINDSOR-FOREST.

‡ The Duke of Gloſter us'd to viſit Lady Waldgrave here, before they were married.

§ Eaton School was endow'd by Henry the Sixth.

HATFIELD* accus'd with ſleeping on his poſt,
Heard Paul's bell ſounding, or his life had loſt.

WE now proceed to view the rooms of ſtate,
Theſe royal manſions were of early date;
Here ANN in ſplendor kept her ſumptuous court†,
To WINDSOR then the beaumond did reſort:
The hall with ſhining armor glitters round,
Lo! paintings charming to the eye are found.
Here Denmark's Prince ‡ on prancing ſteed is ſeen,
The royal conſort of Old England's Queen.

King CHARLES's beauties § all around you ſhine,
Here art and nature ſeem for to combine;
VANDYKE's and RUBEN's ſkilful Works you ſee,
Dead heroes — living in their paintings be!
By moonlight hunting‖ here is finely ſhown;
And weeping magdalens on canvaſs groan.

* JOHN HATFIELD, a ſoldier in the reign of WILLIAM and MARY, was tried and condemn'd by a court-martial, for falling aſleep on his duty upon this terras walk. He abſolutely denied the charge againſt him, and ſolemnly declar'd that he heard St. Paul's clock ſtrike thirteen; the truth of which was doubted by the court, becauſe of the diſtance (it being 23 miles): but while he was under ſentence of death, affidavits were made by ſeveral perſons, that the clock did actually ſtrike thirteen inſtead of twelve; whereupon he received his majeſty's pardon. The above perſon died June the 25th 1770 aged 102, at his houſe in Glaſs-houſe yard in the pariſh of Alderſgate; the above account is engraven on his coffin, as he related it a few days before he died.

† Queen ANN, was the laſt that kept her court at WINDSOR.

‡ Over the chimney in the hall, is a painting, of Prince GEORGE of Denmark.

§ In one of the rooms are the fourteen beauties of King CHARLES the ſecond, as painted by his command.

‖ This piece repreſents the hunting the ſtag by moonlight.

The miſers* next engage my wond'ring ſight,
Counting their gold, each noiſe their ſouls affright;
Upon their furrow'd brows ſits anxious care,
Conflicting paſſions in the colours are.

The fooliſh ſage, † who vow'd he'd drink nor eat,
'Till his tranſlation, he had got compleat;
Dy'd as he wrote and yielded up his breath,
And learning too, to that grim tyrant Death!
His bones ſeem piercing thro' his meager face,
Tho' dying —— yet his eyes attend the place;
Fixt on his work and thirſting after fame,
By all he's cenſur'd and incurs their blame;
The limner's genius here is highly priz'd,
The painting valu'd —— but the ſage deſpis'd.

As we paſs thro' the rooms our wonder's rais'd,
Aſtoniſh'd, pleas'd, we each apartment prais'd;
The coſtly beds with Engliſh work are grac'd,
And gold with ſilver tables too were plac'd:
The heathen gods upon the ceiling ſhine,
Enthron'd on high, here Jove ſeems all divine,
The forked light'ning darting from his hand,
And awful thunders wait his dread command.

A flag, on marble laid, you next behold,
The arms of France on ſatin wrought with gold.

* This painting of the two miſers was done by a blackſmith, who was in love with a painter's daughter, her father declar'd ſhe ſhould wed no one but what excell'd in the art of painting; the blackſmith left England, went to Italy, there he improved his genius, came home, painted this piece and obtain'd the girl. It was preſented to the king of England, and hung up here.

† This repreſents a Philoſopher, that vow'd he would neither eat nor drink 'till he had finiſh'd the tranſlation of a book he had begun, and as he was at work in the laſt page he expir'd.

This

This yearly tribute Marlborough's duke muſt bring,
Or Blenheim Houſe* he forfeits to the king.
In the next court was fixt a regal throne,
And crimſon canopy that glaring ſhone;
Here JAMES in ſplendor ſat with prieſts around,†
To ſhare the bleſſings brought from holy ground;
That bigot Prince to artful Rome a ſlave,
For papal lumber three rich kingdoms gave.

THEN to the private chapel we repair,
Here kings perform'd their oriſons or prayer;
The painter on the roof in varied ſkill,
With ſacred facts does ev'ry corner fill;
The goſpel truths, the chapel ſides adorn,
Angelic hoſts proclaiming CHRIST was born,
The healing wonders, that his hands had wrought,
Were o'er the walls, in various colours fraught;
The Savior riſing was above diſplay'd;
Attending angels in white robes array'd;
The ſcene then cloſed with an awful ſight,
'Twas CHRIST's aſcenſion to ethereal light!

ONE thing in ſilence muſt not here be laid,
But laſting honor to the carver paid,
A Black in marble‡ does a nich, adorne
In anguiſh plucking from his foot a thorn,

* Blenheim houſe is held by this charter, that whoever is Duke of Marlborough muſt bring, or ſend yearly on the 2d of Auguſt, a flag to Windſor Caſtle.

† Here JAMES the ſecond ſat enthron'd under a canopy, to receive in form a benediction from the pope.

‡ This piece of ſtatuary repreſents a black in great agonies, plucking a thorn out of his foot; (that he had received in running on ſome important meſſage), and dy'd in the operation, having firſt perform'd his journey.

That

That pierc'd his fleſh, croſſing the fallow land,
Yet, eager to diſcharge his lord's command
He bears the mandate, (here his zeal was try'd),
Then drew the thorn out, and in torture dy'd.
Theſe pleaſing ſcenes we view'd with great delight,
To town then travel'd, with returning night.

But ceaſe my muſe, here reſt your feeble pen,
Leaſt nice ſpun critics, ſhould the work condemn;
I own the taſk unequal to my ſphere,
Yet truths I ſing, my humble lay's ſincere;
Let other bards the noble theme purſue,
Well pleas'd, I'll yield the laurel as their due.

FINIS.

EXTEMPORE VERSES,

To the TUNE of the BIRD.

I.

LET angels now their trumpets blow,
And devils proſtrate fall;
The Saviour of mankind I know,
He ſhed his blood for all;
When he took on our mortal frame,
And dwelt in humble clay;
(Arch-angels then proclaim'd the ſame,)
He waſh'd our ſins away.

II.

When *He*, on groaning Calv'ry dy'd,
The Sun his light withdrew;
The trembling Roman then reply'd,
A righteous man they ſlew!
Earth with her deep foundations nod,
And Hell with echos howl;
All nature own'd the ſuff'ring God,
While awful thunders roll.

III.

With glory crown'd *He* reigns above,
In *beatific* light;
And pleads for man, redeeming love,
'Fore thouſands ſeraphs bright;
Around *his* throne the cherub train
In notes celeſtial ſing,
Hoſannas to the *Lamb* that's ſlain,
And *Heaven's* high concaves ring!

On Mrs. SUSANNA LOT,

Who was burnt at *Pennenden-Heath*, for poiſoning her Huſband: JULY 21, 1769.

WHO can relate the terrors of her mind,
When LOT beheld the ſtake that was aſſign'd,
Where ſhe muſt pay the debt to juſtice due;
A ſecond *Moſby* * pendant in her view;
In throngs promiſcuous countleſs numbers ſtood,
Who touch'd with pity—own'd her ſentence good;
While trembling ſhe the dreadful pile ſurveys,
Where ſcorching flames muſt end her wretched days!
Tho' bad her crime and judged by mortals here,
Yet ſtricteſt virtue muſt let fall a tear,
Mov'd with compaſſion mourn her hapleſs fate,
When future ages ſhall her death relate;
Warn'd by her end, fair virtue's path now tread,
And reap ye gay — inſtruction from the dead;
In your own ſtrength collected think you'd ſtand,
If GOD in anger ſhould withdraw his hand?
Vain boaſter no —— but to each vice a prey;
You would like her your deareſt friends betray;
Then cenſure lightly when you ſpeak her name,
And be her vices buried in the flame;
For tho' a ſhameful death ſhe ſuffer'd here,
Let's hope in Heav'n her ſoul is happy there;
Where rules that GOD, whoſe mercy's unconfin'd,
And angels ſhout his love to human kind.

* MOSBY was concern'd in the murder of Arden —— the line alludes to JAMES RUSS, executed with Mrs. LOT.

On

On the BIRTH-DAY of

PASCHAL PAOLI, General of the CORSICANS.

YE ſacred *Nine* now hail the natal morn,
The joyful day when PAOLI was born!
Who when proud *France* o'erſpread the ſanguine field,
And hoſtile troops forc'd *Corſica* to yield;
Yet, then he ſtood ſuperior to his fate,
And ſingly ſtrove to ſave a falling ſtate;
(While other *nations* ſaw the dreadful hour,
Nor lent their aid to ſtop the Gallic power;)
O'ercome by numbers, yet he ſcorn'd the *foe*,
For public-good ſuppreſt his private woe.
Tho' PHILIP's SON * is prais'd for having hurl'd,
Dire blood and ſlaughter o'er a frighted World!
Enthron'd 'midſt *Paraſites* he ſat each day,
And thought this globe too little for *his* ſway:
(Let venal *Bards* a tyrant's deeds commend,
Low at his footſtool let the wretches bend,
My *muſe* would bluſh to ſing a *madman's* fame,
Nor add one line to celebrate his name;)
To enſlave the *world* the *Grecian* bent his mind,
But brave PAOLI —— ſtrove to free mankind!

* Alexander the Great.

THE RED HERRING,

A SONG founded on fact.

TUNE, — *A Cobler there was.*

I.

ASIST me ye youths who in mirth take delight,
To ſing the diſputes that aroſe 'tother night,
Not of WILKES, nor BUTE, nor the reſt of the throng,
A theme that's more grand — of a Herring's my ſong.
Derry Down, &c.

II.

Some jovial young ſparks, my muſe is ſincere,
Were ſocially met o'er a tankard of beer;
No diſputes of the ſtate they reſolved there ſhould be,
But of a red Herring, if it was he or ſhe,
Derry Down, &c.

III.

Says the firſt, the ſoft roes are all female kind,
But a ſecond inſiſts, ſir your judgment is blind,
The hard roes are ſhe's as I've learnedly read,
And t'others I'm ſure, not ſo ſoft as your head.
Derry Down, &c.

IV.

The third makes reply more wiſe than the reſt,
Pray end your diſputes for my judgment is beſt,
How dare you to prate that don't know heads from tails,
Since there's none without roes, they muſt all be females.
Derry Down, &c.

V.

A laugh then enſu'd, but to end the debate,
A red Herring was brought, with knives, forks and a plate,
Like the Old-Bailey ſurgeons, in order to know,
Each peep'd and he pry'd, to examine the roe.
Derry Down, &c.

VI.

One look'd in the tail, and the next in the brain,
But not the leaſt ſign of a roe did remain,
They turn'd and they toſt it, how hard was their lot,
Till at laſt they perceiv'd that the herring was ſhot.
Derry down, &c.

VII.

Amaz'd and confounded like ſtuck pigs they ſtare!
Miſs EVANS who long had ſet mute for a ſhare;
As theſe learned prigs at each other did ſcoff,
The Herring puſs ſeiz'd, and in triumph bore off.
Derry down, &c,

VIII.

Now blame not my muſe, ſince the moral is plain;
In things paſt our knowledge, not to rack our brain,
And catching at ſhadows, the ſubſtance deſpiſe,
But let ſly GRIMALKIN, teach us to be wiſe.
Derry down, &c.

The SPOUTER's JUBILEE.

TUNE, —— *Rural Felicity.*

ATTEND all ye lovers of mirth and of pleaſure,
The ſpouters no longer can brook your delay;
Forget all your ſighing for honor and treaſure,
And let e'ery heart be right jocund and gay.

CHORUS

CHORUS.

Come, come high and low; to the ſpouting club go,
And there with the muſes your hours employ;
Come ſee —— the ſpouters jubilee,
Free'd from vexation, here pleaſures enjoy.

II.

At night when the ſun gives a truce to our labor.
With Shakeſpear and Otway, dull time we beguile,
To juggling ſtates-men we ſue for no favor,
Who under a maſk, fleece the realm the mean while.
Come, come, &c.

III,

Let the bucks and the bloods of their clubs make a boaſting,
And vie with each other the lamps to deſtroy,
In their drunken cups, while Bacchus they'r toaſting,
We drink from Parnaſſus, what never can cloy.
Come, come, &c.

IV.

On points of religion let zealots ſtill wrangle,
And torture the minds of the people beſide,
We ſcorn to be counted like them for to jangle,
And truſt to dame nature whatever betide.
Come, come, &c.

V.

The prude ſhall no longer to men be a ſtranger,
Nor treat us with ſcorn, but be happy and free,
In our diverſions there's no fear or danger,
For who are ſo jovial, ſo merry as we.

CHORUS.

Come, come high and low, to the ſpouting club go,
And there with the muſes your moments employ;
Come ſee —— the ſpouters jubilee,
Free'd from vexation, here pleaſures enjoy.

SONG.

A SONG.

WITH deep-fetch'd ſighs and trembling fear,
In yon umbrageous grove,
To STELLA with a penſive air,
Thus STREPHON told his love;
No ill-meant flame my STELLA lies
Within my honeſt heart,
From faithful thoughts my words ariſe,
My words unknown to art.

II.

With you my heart would gladly reſt,
Confin'd from other fair,
Nor wiſh to be more fully bleſt
Nor aſk a ſweeter care;
Then STELLA let your faithful ſwain
Your heart to love incline,
Let him his ſuit at once obtain
Our hands let HYMEN join.

III.

Young STELLA with a baſhful air
That ſpoke at once conſent,
With ſmiles reliev'd her ſhepherd's care
Profeſs'd herſelf content;
With him to tread the paths of life
Thro' all its mazy turns,
To be his friend and tender wife
In pureſt love's returns.

The NUT-BROWN COUNTRY LASS,

A SONG.

I.

GIVE me O VENUS in my arms,
The girl devoid of court-like charms
Of the true rural claſs:
Fam'd KENNEDY my muſe deſpiſe,
And CATLEY with her tempting eyes,
And ſing my COUNTRY LASS.

II.

Beneath a tree we tell our love,
The mutual kiſs in ſilence prove
The time in pleaſure paſs.
Say O ye belles, ſay ev'ry beau,
Can you one ſtainleſs beauty ſhow
T'exceed my COUNTRY Laſs?

III.

I gave her top-knots at the fair,
And ſomething which I ſhant declare,
Nor publiſh o'er a glaſs:
For he that boaſts—(the joy of rakes)
The ſacred laws of VENUS brakes,
Deſerves no COUNTRY LASS

IV.

The AMARYLLIS of the age,
May deck a WHITEHEAD's finer page;
But Oh! alas! alaſs!
My coarſer lays more beauties ſing,
(Altho' a ſhepherd whilſt I ſing
My nut-brown COUNTRY LASS.

An EPIGRAM.

YON prieſt bids me write—I aſk upon what?
He anſwers on young ſquire Bold,
I think he's your foe—and pray is he not?
Then ſuffer his faults to be told.
Sir rev'rend if ſuch be the doctrine you teach,
I've a ſubject more full in my view;
On a foe you ſay write—no for once let me preach,
And my ſermon ſhall be upon you.

ANOTHER.

THAT Gripe is liberal and free,
He bids no one conteſt;
He ſwears he has much charity,
And pities the diſtreſs'd:
But what have I with this to do,
With this his pious plan,
It nothing is to me, or you,
Or aught to any man.

ANOTHER.

THE militia are men
That merit my pen,
Some valiant, courageous and tall;
That Diſcipline know
To face a French foe,
I wiſh I could ſay ſo by all.

The INVITATION Declin'd,

IN A CARD

From SOPHIA to MARIA.

"MARIA's Compts. Miſs Soph. await,
" She does moſt preſſingly intreat
" To night ſhe'd ſhare her ball;
Dick with the billet flew.

" Sophia's love Miſs Mar. attends,
" She'd join the party of her friends,
" But liſts to Hymen's call;
Therefore to night one ball wont do,
As much ſhe hopes to play with two.

PROLOGUE,

In the Character of SOMEBODY;

Spoken at Maidstone Theatre,

Speaking behind,

SOUND drums and trumpets e'er that I appear,
Let peals of thunder make each critic ſtare,
Garrick himſelf — to me ſhall lend an ear.

Enters in a bombaſt robe, with a maſk in one hand, a dagger in the other.

Arriv'd at laſt you'll wonder who I be,
I'm tragic — comic — any thing you ſee;

Sometimes

Sometimes I'm Alexander drawn in ſtate, ——
By captive kings, who mourn their vanquiſh'd fate;
My rival queens, like oyſter wenches fight,
To ſee 'em boxing is a charming ſight.
I next am Jobſon in my wooden ſtall,
And rival eunuchs with Italian ſquall;
To hear me ſing, old age itſelf would wake,
And hobble here in crutches for my ſake.
With itching ears you long to know my name,
Who ſprung from nothing, yet have endleſs fame,
I play thoſe tricks — when nobody you blame!
To day I'm this, to-morrow that, you'll find,
Both church and meeting oft employ my mind;
You know me ſurely now, I ſpeak ſo plain?
I'm Somebody! — of England, France and Spain;
To either nation I've an equal due,
With borrow'd luſtre ſhine in all for true;
Oft in my chariot as I paſs the ſtreet,
Due homage from the gaping croud I meet,
All to my golden equipage will bow,
In raptures cry —— that's Somebody I trow!
Sometimes the cobler if he mounts the ſtage
And turns phyſician in this ſickly age,
The wond'ring peaſants eager take his pills,
Becauſe they're gilded, ſure to cure all ills;
While crafty merry-man his tricks doth ſhow,
And bawls —— my maſter's Somebody you know!
The caſe is plainer at the poliſh'd court,
Large ſums are ſpent for Somebody's ſupport!
E'en here to night the prologue I'm to ſpeak,
I've rackt my brains for one above a week;
I wrote, then blotted, and then wrote again,
Search'd each learn'd author with moſt arduous pain;
E'er you depart, I'll tell you what to ſay
(Perchance you'll meet ſome critic by the way;
With ſour aſpect, and with looks againſt,

Will cry —— what humour at the houſe has paſt?
How many authors have they kill'd to night?
I'm ſure they never cou'd do matters right;)
For to ſtrike cenſure dumb, and give the ſpleen,
Tell all the churls — that Somebody you've ſeen.

PROLOGUE,

To the KING and MILLER of MANSFIELD;

Spoken by a young Gentleman of the Free-School, at *Rocheſter*, after having perform'd JOSEPH and his BRETHREN, a ſacred Piece in French, — *Chriſtmas* 1770.

WITH joy elate — yet intermix'd with fear,
To crave your patience I once more appear!
Yet wherefore doubt — ſince here good-nature reigns,
To ſhed her gentle beams the goddeſs deigns,
In ev'ry face, but moſt in you, ye fair,
Repleat ſhe ſhines with a celeſtial air;
No critic's ſpite moleſt's our harmleſs mirth,
Which owes to noble means its genuine birth;
T'improve in language, and our morals mend
We tread the ſtage, — not to a uſeleſs end.
T'amuſe, inſtruct, and ſo enlarge the mind
What means ſo fit? what method more refin'd?
Old JACOB's grief for a loſt ſon we've ſhown,
Fraternal ſtrife — thoſe ſeeds which pride had ſown;
Their brother's death in various plots they lay,
For gen'ral good kind Heav'n aſſerts its ſway;
And ſoon their horrid ſchemes abortive prove,
Amaz'd they fall, o'ercome by JOSEPH's love:
Theſe ſcenes to night we recently have play'd,
A ſacred theme, in Gallic ſtrains convey'd.

An

An Engliſh tale we now preſume to bring,
A miller honeſt, and an upright king;
Thoſe uſeful leſſons ſtudied in his mill,
Artleſs he ſpeaks, (tho' true), and thinks no ill,
The king approves, each lord confounded ſtares!
But ſoon the monarch this great truth declares;
Hear all ye peers! my judgment now attend,
To him that's juſt (tho' poor) I'll be a friend,
The honeſt man, forſaken and alone,
Always ſhall find a refuge at my throne.

Thus much premis'd, — I hope the ladies bright
Will judge with candor what they ſee to night;
Tho' artleſs the attempt, if you approve,
The point is gain'd, and all our fears remove.

PROLOGUE,

Deſign'd for the new Edition of Mr. ARDEN of *Feverſham*, printed in 1770, from the original that was publiſhed in 1592. — And ſuppos'd by the Editor, to be the earlieſt dramatic work of SHAKESPEAR now remaining.

E'ER a new play begins, you'll often ſee
Some prologue monger prating for a fee:
The anxious author in a trembling fit,
Truſt's to *his* dogg'rel to ſecure the pit;
Hopes e'er the trial that his piece may take,
If it ſucceeds a hearty meal to make,
Should it be damn'd, he e'en muſt run away.
Nor baker, butcher, nor his laundreſs pay.

Our caſe not deſp'rate, we preſume you'll veiw,
Thoſe ſcenes of terror which fam'd SHAKESPEAR drew;

Of

Of that lov'd man theſe dear remains receive,
And genuine as *his* mulb'rry-tree believe,
That ROSCIUS brought in triumph on the ſtage;
For SHAKESPEAR's jubilee has charm'd the age.

No monarch falling, nor a goddeſs pines,
And ſing in eunuch ſtrains, the ſoothing lines;
No tears for empire loſt our bard would ſhow,
But move your pity for a private woe.
Heroes in battle ſlain, we often ſee
Affect not thoſe who from that danger's free;
Domeſtic griefs each human breaſt will feel,
Weep for the man beneath the ruthleſs ſteel;
Such is the theme great SHAKESPEAR does relate,
In ſtrokes divine, *here* points out ARDEN's fate;
Theſe ſcenes long loſt, to candid minds we truſt,
To SHAKESPEAR's lines not doubting you'll be juſt;
When he ſo lively ſhews to human kind
The tortures of deſpairing MOSBY's mind;
Struck with the ſight, each guilty breaſt muſt feel,
An inſelt anguiſh and his crimes reveal;
Now ſtiff with horror! this great truth muſt own,
To Heaven's all piercing eye his deeds are known;
And to the guilty world our play does ſhow,
That righteous vengeance waits ſuch crimes below.

PRO-

PROLOGUE to the REVENGE,

Spoken by Mr. BROWN,

At the opening of the New Theatre at MAIDSTONE.

I Thus elated from paſt favors ſhown,
Preſume this night for to addreſs the town;
No merit from my weak efforts I draw,
Nor boaſt my acting is without a flaw;
Yet your indulgence often gave applauſe,
Your hearts benign — your friendſhip was the cauſe.
Prompt by this motive I once more appear,
Your placid ſmiles have ſilenc'd ev'ry fear;
Thus warm with tranſport and extreme delight,
We ope our doors to welcome you this night;
Our ſanguine hopes upon you all depend,
And crave each fair protectreſs for a friend,
If that bright circle deigns for us to plead
Chearful we'll act, — nor ſurly critics dread;
Aſſert our cauſe ye *fair*, all ſpleen repel,
Then ſhall harſh diſcord hide her head in hell:
Let harmony thro'out this houſe abound,
In ſprightly meaſures dance the mazy round;
The various turns in life we oft will ſhow,
And fell deceit here at the ſtage ſhall bow;
The artful villain who defrauds mankind
Here ſhown to view, — no ſecret cell ſhall find,
But with contempt the monſter ſhall be hurl'd
Deteſted, hooted, thro' the injur'd world!

This play to night that humbly we preſent
Has often made obdurate hearts relent,

The

The jealous plot, — obſerve is laid in Spain,
A dire diſeaſe! that taints a Spaniard's brain:
Behold what ſad effects from hence proceed,
That dooms too oft the innocent to bleed:
Be warn'd ye Engliſh! — ne'er diſtruſt your wives,
Nor let the Spaniſh cuſtoms vex your lives;
Deteſt their laws which makes mankind a ſlave,
And ſhow 'em Britons are both free and brave;
To Southern climes let GEORGE's power be known,
And ſhake the haughty Spaniard* on his throne.

Thus for the play — before I take my leave
For all paſt favors now my thanks receive;
From ſcene to ſcene we ſhift and know no pain,
Fluſh'd with high hopes to ſee you here again.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by a LADY, at a private Performance.

Enters in a hurry.

EXcuſe me gents—I'm—really out—of breath,
Fatigu'd with journ'ying poſt e'er ſince my death;
For ſoon as I arriv'd at Charon's ferry
Pray ma'am ſays he go back and make 'em merry;
Don't leave the audience now, their hearts will break,
Return to earth the epilogue to ſpeak,
'Tis Pluto's order that you'll be ſo civil,
I court'ſey'd low and thank'd the ugly devil:
Then ſwift as light'ning to this ſpot took flight,
The thoughts of prating gave me great delight;

* At this time the diſpute ſubſiſted between Spain and England, relative to the Falkland Iſlands.

The

But yet my dears not quite exempt from pain,
Fearing the God might call me back again.
That danger o'er — I'm now as gay as can be,
Reſolv'd to uſe my tongue whilſt I am with ye,
The gift of ſpeech is our unqueſtion'd right,
To pleaſe ourſelves, and lecture ſpouſe at night,
I'll give a ſpecimen — of modern wives,
The great, the noble, who lead wicked lives;
My lady tax'd with granting a kind favor,
In anſwer cries — "it ſhews my free behavior;
Fret not my Lord, pray make not ſuch ado,
Why need you teaze? — I've yet enough for you:
I pray don't vex me, for you'll ſurely force
Your gentle wife to ſue for a divorce;
On you, the world polite, will caſt the blame,
And think what charges does attend the ſame;
For I'll have pin-money — whate'er betide,
My monkey, cat, nay pompey too beſide."
This gen'ral character court ladies bear,
For recent facts in various ſhapes appear;
I grant there's ſome who lead ſtrict virtuous lives,
Few lady Townley's — but moſt country wives;
That wed for love, nor change their happy fate
With ſordid wretches, curſt in ſhining ſtate.

In this fair circle, none I hope are found
To ſigh for titles, that deluſive ſound,
In gilded roofs content does ſeldom dwell,
She ſhuns the palace, for the moſs grown cell.

My maxims then each lovefick maid purſue,
" (Return'd from death I ſure muſt tell you true.)
" Chuſe you a worthy man, and fix for life,
" Let him be head, — and you, the faithful wife.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by a CHILD Five Years Old,

At a Public Theatre,

A Female culprit now would favor find,
To all our faults you ſhould be ever blind;
I'm only come to have a little prattle,
'Tis granted to our ſex to tittle tattle;
My papa's ſtudy, is to pleaſe you all,
And ſends me out, tho' faith I am but ſmall,
O'ercome I ventured on the ſtage to tread,
As ent'ring now, a thought came in my head;
So pat, ſo clever, that it gave me eaſe,
Garrick thought I (tho' ſmall can always pleaſe;)
Now that was boldneſs too,—to think of Garrick,
Faith I begin to feel a little pannick!
'Tis but a qualm,—I've ſtifled it I vow,
And as my years increaſe I'll better grow;
To boxes, pit and gall'ries, great and ſmall,
By me my papa ſends his thanks to all;
Be dumb ye critics, or I'll draw my ſword,
Our ſex will always ſtand for the laſt word;
You'll ne'er pretend to challenge one ſo young,
Pardon my failings, and I'll hold my tongue.

TEAGUE's.

TEAGUE's RAMBLE

From DUBLIN to MAIDSTONE;

Spoken by Mr. LEDWITH, at his Benefit.

I'M come my dear jewels in the behalf,
Pho' the de'el burn you, — you all make me laugh;
'Pon my ſhoul, I don't take it well of ye,
Arrah! ſtay 'till I be now telling ye:
Smitten dear joys, with the hopes of ſome pelf,
To night from Dublin, here's my own ſweet ſelf;
I came in a coach by water to Cheſter;
To ſhow my keen tricks unto each kind maſter,
But I ſtop'd in London, that famous city,
You'll hear my miſhaps, and faith you muſt pity;
I married ſoon there, a delicate laſs,
Was handſomer far, then the Buckingham A—s;
But wou'd you believe it, they flung the dear joy,
(For leaſt that my ſtomach with beauty might cloy,)
My excellent wife, whom I thought was ſo fair,
When uncas'd for my bed, made poor paddy ſtare!
She pull'd of her noſe, and out drop'd an eye,
'Pon my ſhoul (faſt aſleep,) I did nothing but cry,
Her ivory teeth on the table were laid,
I thought my dear honeys, ſhe'd pull of her head:
I pray'd to the D——l to take her away,
But ſhe hugg'd, kiſs'd and ſqueaz'd me, 'till the broad day:
Then I went to the biſhops for to be unmarri'd,
But their honors all ſaid that my ſcheme had miſcarri'd;
For none are divorc'd but cornuted peers,
So my horns they grew out, inſtead of my ears:
I then to a nabob (by form of Indenture,)
Diſpatch'd my dear wife to ſea for a venture.

O! my dear Grecians, London I quited,
Arrah! thought I, thoſe ſharp ones are fited;
To Maidſtone I came to ſee my dear joys,
And found all the ladies brave roaring boys;
On the ſtage I reſolved to charm e'ery ſhoul,
And ſung in Italian the Iriſh howl,
Pray ſay it is true, and tickle my pride,
Or elſe my dear country will ſay Paddy ly'd.
Nay what do you laugh for? 'tis I have moſt reaſon,
To ſee you all here at my benefit ſeaſon;
Arrah! Teague blunders in this his ſhort ſtory;
But I'll ſing you a ſong of an Iriſh glory;
By the holy poker I will thro' the county,
And it ſhall be in praiſe of the Maidſtone bounty;
In duty Teague thanks you all for this favor,
And hopes you'll forgive his Iriſh behavior.

EPILOGUE,

Spoke after playing the Farce of the Duce is in Him,
In the French Language.

THE curtain drop'd — e'er that you go away,
Permit me Gents to make one ſhort eſſay;
We play'd in French, as Engliſh now I come,
You dearly love an Engliſh ſugar plumb;*
When France e'er now, had rous'd your Britiſh blood,
And ſtain'd our country with a crimſon flood,
You roſe, you conquer'd, triumph grac'd the field,
And haughty Frenchmen to your proweſs yield;

* A word uſed by the Londoners, for 100,000l.

Lewis

Lewis before our throne does proſtrate fall,
Preſents his plumb, and makes amends for all.

The ſeeming patriot, for his country's good,
Storms in the ſenate, and dares ſhed his blood,
Soon the court flies diſplay their gilded plumb,
The maſk drops off — the orator's quite dumb.
In private life you'll find our views the ſame,
And oftimes marriages, the old ones blame;
Sir Gripe cries out, "That girl's no beauty ſure,
"If ſhe'd a fortune, ſon, it would be pure;
"You ſhall not marry her, my dear boy Ned;"
A plumb's thrown in, — next day the pair are wed.
Had col'nel Tamper to ſecure his plan,
In doctor Prattle not forgot the man,
The fee, to that he-goſſip had he paid,
The tell-tale vehicle might then been laid;
In doubt poor Emily wou'd ſurely dy'd,
If prattle's tongue had with a plum been ty'd.

But hark! you ſay, "How dare you ſir to blame,
"Chide us for failings, when you have the ſame;
"Pray ceaſe your ſatire, and our plumb now take,
"Your *fortitude* keen ſir begins to ſhake!
In my excuſe, I make this ſhort reply,
Mankind is frail, perhaps I may comply,
Some few exceptions have been ſince the fall,
Or I ſhould ſay, the DUCE is in us all.

HAPPINESS,

In Imitation of the

First Ode, of the Third Book of Horace.

BE gone ye vulgar and profane,
Urania begins the ſtrain
With energy divine;
In numbers yet unheard ſhe'll ſing,
To ſouls immaculate will bring
Improvement to the mind.

The earth born monarchs proud and great,
On whom a thouſand ſlaves await
Obedient to their nod;
From one ſuperlatively great,
Derive their wealth, parade and ſtate,
From Jove the ſov'reign God.

There are whom rural labor love,
And take delight to rear the grove
With utmoſt coſt and care;
Yet both the peaſant and the great
Muſt each ſubmit to equal fate
It's laws impartial ſhare.

With ſtudious paſſions ſtateſmen long,
For adulation from the throng
Whoſe voice ne'er merit know;
But dazzled with the glitt'ring lace,
The pageant fix in merit's place,
And reſt their hopes in ſhew.

The daintieſt diſhes yield no joy,
To him whoſe mind the vices cloy
With inconteſted ſway;
Him gentle ſleep will e'er diſdain,
But round the cot and weary ſwain
With balmy wings will play.

Whoe'er by nature's dictates ſteers,
The ſtormy ocean never fears
Nor arcturus malign;
Whether his vines are ſmote with hail,
Or his expected harveſt fail,
With peace he can reſign.

Not ſo th' imperious lord who lays,
His rocky baſis in the ſeas
Where loſty domes ariſe;
Where tho' rich columns vaunt in air,
Corroding thoughts and black diſpair
Polluted minds ſurprize.

Since neither riches comfort yield,
Nor purple ſtate with anguiſh ſteel'd
Afford Felicity;
Let's ſquare our lives by reaſon's ſway,
And ne'er from nature's dictates ſtray
Then happy we muſt be,

LINES to the MEMORY OF AN AFFECTIONATE FATHER.

CEASE, ceaſe frail nature to lament in vain,
Nor wiſh him back into this world of pain,
His new advancement to a happier ſtate
Forbids thy reaſon to repine at fate;
But ſtill one tender ſoft exequial ſigh
May riſe expreſſive of the filial tie;
While mortal ſorrows o'er my mind ariſe,
He's bleſt ſupreme amidſt the glorious ſkies,
Where ſickneſs lives not, where no pains annoy,
Where ſouls releas'd celeſtial bliſs enjoy;
From bliſs to bliſs his ſpirit inceſſant flies;
And all the bleſſings he deſerv'd deſcries:
With what tranſcendence is that ſoul refin'd
Which ſpoke on earth an uncorrupted mind!
With ſiſter Angels now it reigns above
And ſhines immortal thro' celeſtial love;
Him his redeemer to his arms receives
And a full tide of all he promis'd gives.

O much too weak — tho' partial is my pen,
To give thee juſtice thou dear beſt of men;
Lent to the world by favor moſt divine,
Our hearts to humanize, our ſouls refine;
Thine was the generous, the heart genteel;
The hand to open, and the breaſt to feel;
Thy virtues center'd in thy maker's praiſe,
And when the ſacred theme 'twas thine to raiſe,

Strong

Strong emendations on each ſentence hung,
And truths divine flow'd brighter from thy tongue.
Each crouded audience with attentive ear,
Or heav'd the conſcious ſigh, or drop'd the tear;
And harden'd ſinners own'd conviction near.

O may this duteous heart-approving lay
Aſcending reach thee, in the realms of day,
While led by virtue thro' this vale of woe,
The ſon ſhall ſtrive the father's joys to know.

DAMON and DORCAS,

A PASTORAL.

AT even tide when ſportive Zephyrs reign,
And falling ſhadows lengthen o'er the plain;
When Philomela ſwells her tuneful throat,
And vocal hills prolong each plantive note.
A lovely nymph eſcap'd her mothers care,
In expectation mutual love to ſhare;
Her tardy flocks with threat'ning crook ſhe drove,
And wing'd her footſteps to the ſilent grove;
At aſſignation's hour the ſpot ſhe found,
Awhile was ſtill, and caſt her eyes around;
Impatient grown ſhe call'd without reply,
But echo anſw'ring only mock'd her cry.
Young apprehenſion fill'd her tortur'd brain,
And thus ſhe told the liſt'ning trees her pain;

" Is DAMON here? of joy am I bereft,
" And have you DAMON, thus your DORCAS left?
" Ah hapleſs nymph, your cruel fate review,
" For faithleſs DAMON is no longer true.
" Before my eyes beheld th'ungrateful ſwain,
" My eaſy heart was innocent of pain;
" Before I heard his fond deceptious theme,
" Of love and DAMON did I never dream;
" But each ſucceeding day new pleaſure brought,
" And from my playful lambs ne'er ſtray'd a thought;
" What tho' at laſt I ſmil'd upon his love
" As faithful ſeeming as the turtle dove;
" Four times the reapers ſhouts had Ceres hail'd,
" E'er DAMON o'er my youthful heart prevail'd;
" Whilſt maids deny, deſire the boſom fills,
" But charms ſurrender'd fond enjoyment kills:
" Would filly I, had but the flame endur'd;
" What cannot time effect? it might have cur'd.
" Alas the day, the impropitious hour,
" When DAMON woo'd with irreſiſtleſs power.
" How long he cry'd? ſhall I in vain declare
" My faithful vows to an unpitying fair,
" Then urg'd the gods to teſtify his love
" Which he from DORCAS vow'd ſhould never rove;
" And wiſh'd the reed might muſick yield no more,
" If he his DORCAS did not e'er adore;
" May not Pomona o'er my orchards reign,
" If truth O DORCAS does not fill my ſtrain!
" All this he utter'd — and he utter'd more,
" And then by Heaven's eternal power ſwore!
" Long time I ſtrove to ward the gentle ſtroke,
" But fond compaſſion bent me to the yoke;
" I then confeſs'd — what DAMON wiſh'd to learn,
" And pledg'd a tender lamb in love's return:
" O DAMON! may this gentle pledge I ſaid
" Divulge the paſſion of an artleſs maid;

" And

" And as it grows may time our fondneſs raiſe,
" And bleſs our love with many happy days!
" My beating heart had ſcarce commenc'd delight,
" When falling eve foretold approaching night,
" Which forc'd my boſom recent joys to leave,
" My tears elaps'd and DAMON ſeem'd to grieve.
" Forgot I fear that hour of love and joy,
" Some brighter charms his am'rous thoughts employ;
" While lonely I may traverſe here in vain,
" And to the paſſing breeze relate my pain.
" But O ye Gods! who hear my juſt complaint,
" Let juſtice reach his heart without reſtraint,
" Think on his faith abus'd, let not his ſtrains
" Induce the maid he woo's to heal his pains.

Her paſſion now diſſolved into tears,
When lo! what joys ariſe, the ſwain appears,
Sadneſs no more her ſparkling eyes proclaim,
But joy revives her half-extinguiſh'd flame.
" DAMON ſhe cry'd (with unreſiſting grace)
" Long have you loit'rer kept me in this place,
" Well now I'm glad you're come — I fear'd ſome harm,
" Or that your DORCAS could no longer charm.

" You wrong me fair one, calm your ruffled breaſt;
" Your faithful DAMON will it ne'er moleſt,
" Long ſince arriv'd impatient did I wait,
" But ran in haſte to ward th' impending fate
" Of the dear lamb, that cheriſh'd pledge was ſeiz'd
" By a fierce wolf whoſe wrath I ſoon appeas'd;
" Enrag'd your DAMON did the beaſt purſue,
" And ſtill preſerv'd the tender charge for you:
" Doubtful and dang'rous was the ſtrife before
" I ſtopt his breath, and left him in his gore;

" Thus warm'd by love my fair, I would deſtroy,
" Each oppoſition to our growing joy.

Suffice, the nymph her bold miſtruſt reveals,
But artful DAMON her compaſſion ſteals;
Once more reſumes his ſoft endearing ſtrains
And Love again in mutual triumph reigns.

A ſhort DESCRIPTION of a

STORM at SEA.

Written upon the Sea-coaſt at RYE in *Suſſex*.

ADMIT in humble verſe I ſtrive to form
The weak deſcription of a riſing ſtorm;
Will you ye criticks (whom I never fear)
Paſs by my numbers with a ſilent ſneer?
Or will you ſay aloud a bard ſo mean
Should never riſe above the wood-land ſcene?
Vent all your rage each garret-dwelling Don
My Muſe derides ye, and at once goes on.

—Deign to aſſiſt her ye propitious Nine,
O aid her, Neptune in her bold deſign!
Ideas dreadful to my mind ariſe,
I ſee and ſhudder at the low'ring ſkies;
Mad Boreas ruſhes thro' th'impending clouds,
And ſhips deprives of canvas, maſts, and ſhrouds;
While horrid tumults tortures all the main,
Surge over ſurge the vict'ry ſeems to gain;
The waves in combination laſh the beach,
And ſtrive for foremoſt in their foaming reach.

But ah! there's horror greatly more ſevere,
Which ſhrinks my muſe in inſtantaneous fear,
Loud thunders roar, in peals inceſſant roll,
And ſpread their terrors to each diſtant pole!
Quick as young thought the nimble light'nings fly,
And cleave a paſſage thro' the tortur'd ſky,
Strong and more bright their livid light renew,
And give the gloom a more amazing hue!
No more the gentle Zephyrs fill the ſails,
But in their ſtead the hurrican prevails,
The crew confus'd to ſee the veſſel riſe
O'er mountain waves that ſeem to reach the ſkies;
Fear ſinks them low, hope mitigates their pains,
Her hand alone this dreary ſcene ſuſtains.

TARQUIN and LUCRETIA.

The ARGUMENT.

COLLATINUS (the husband of LUCRETIA) being at the siege of Ardea, with other nobles of Rome, one evening in the tent of TARQUIN, praising the incomparable chastity of his wife; the nobles immediately resolved to post to Rome, and by sudden surprize to observe the conduct of their wives. LUCRETIA bore away the prize, who was spining (tho' late at night) among her maids. TARQUIN being inflam'd with her beauty, secretly absconded from the camp a short time after, and was entertained at Collatium by LUCRETIA; where in the night he stole into her chamber and violently ravish'd her, then fled e'er morning.—In this dreadful situation she dispatch'd a messenger to the camp, to her husband; he returns with JUNIUS BRUTUS and other nobles, she relates the whole to them; and binding them by an oath to revenge her cause, she then stab'd herself. they carry the body to Rome, the people irritated at the deed, and at the tyranny of the king, (father to TARQUIN), with one consent they banished the whole race; and changed their government from kings to consuls.

I Sing

I Sing of her, for whoſe unhappy fate,
Enrag'd the *Romans* chang'd their regal ſtate.
Of TARQUIN's vices ancient records tell,
And bards far fam'd have ſung how LUCRECE fell;
Can I then dare, in plantive ſtrains to ſhow
Conſummate grief, or complicated woe;
Deſcribe the paſſions, ſtrike the tender part,
With SHAKESPEARE's magic, or his tuneful art?
I lowly bend unto the hoary ſire,
And aſk one ſpark of his *celeſtial fire!*
Where *Avon*'s ſtreams meand'ring flow along,
The ſacred *muſes* grac'd his *epic* ſong,
Bade him ſhine forth a wonder of the times,
Inventive *nature* furniſh'd all his rhimes,
May I then hope, for one auſpicious gale
To waft my bark, and fill my ſpreading ſail,
In humble verſe while I recount the fame,
And ſound the *virtues* of the *Roman Dame*,
Whom luſtful TARQUIN, on one fatal night
Raviſh'd!— then fled, *accurſt!* 'fore morning light.

For COLLATINE 'ere this, in TARQUIN's tent
Had prais'd that bleſſing, bounteous *Heaven* lent;
With joy proclaim'd the virtues of his wife,
And boaſted, kings knew not his tranquil life;
What matchleſs beauties in one earthly frame,
Unrival'd ſhin'd, in his fair *Roman Dame*:
" To one perfection others may arrive,
" In my LUCRETIA all united live!
With jocund humour, then each chief aroſe,
Tho' late at night, a journey now propoſe;
From *Ardea's* walls that moment to depart,

With

With joy ſurpriſe the partners of their heart.
Each thought his wife was with perfection bleſt,
And that his lot was happier than the reſt;
Fluſh'd were their hopes, with ardent ſpeed they fly,
To reach *Rome's city*, and their judgment try:
Agreed were all, that ſhe ſhould bear the bell
Whoſe upright conduct did the reſt excel;
Led on by TARQUIN, they in ſecret come,
The midnight watch admits them into *Rome*.

As calms forerun when *dreadful earthquakes* ſweep
Whole *towns* and *cities* to the howling deep;
Serene the waters gently glide along,
Invites the youth to feſtive dance and ſong;
With ſudden *crack! Earth* ope's her *ghaſtly womb*,
Amaz'd! they ſink in one *promiſcuous tomb*.

Surpriſe as ſudden, ſeiz'd each *Roman dame*,
When from the camp their *lords* unthought of came!
(With muſick they beguil'd the tedious night,
In ſounds melodious 'till the morning light;
To love's ſoft notes the fair-ones gently yield,
Forget their lords who range the tented field):
With fram'd excuſes now each lady ſtrove
In ſoothing ſtrains, to gain her *huſband's* love.

To COLLATINE's fair ſeat they now depart,
Eager to ſee the partner of his heart,
LUCRECE unrival'd bore away the prize,
Was call'd by all, the prudent, juſt and wiſe;
Tho' late at night the loom employs her thought,
They view with wonder, what her hands had wrought!
Dread war, in various ſhapes ſhe now had wove,
In bloody carnage, mighty warriors ſtrove:
The *Roman* conqueſts, with delight they ſee,
Here heaps lay ſlain, there others trembling flee;

In

In forms expreſſive vanquiſh'd monarch's weep,
And ſlaughter'd infants ſeem'd in death to ſleep;
With great ſurpriſe the chiefs her praiſe repeat,
And judge her *huſband's* happineſs compleat!

With ſpeed they to their ſeveral poſts return,
Their martial boſoms for the combat burn,
Now TARQUIN fir'd with LUCRETIA's charms,
Neglects the battle, and the love of arms;
Her comely form engroſs'd his luſtful mind,
Reſolves to tempt the faireſt of her kind:
In ſecret from the camp he ſtole away,
And reach'd *Collatia* at the cloſe of day.

To treat her royal gueſt, ſhe now prepares,
Her board to garniſh, no expence ſhe ſpares;
With tales fallacious he her ears deceives,
Guileleſs herſelf, unthinking ſhe believes:
Of her lov'd lord great wonders he relates,
She hears with raptures, for ſo will'd the fates;
He now recounts who by his proweſs fell,
What valiant foes his ſword had ſent to Hell,
With ſympathiſing tears her ey's o'erflow'd,
When he the horror of ſack'd cities ſhow'd;
(The parent's fond maternal grief to feel,
Whoſe darling child's pierc'd by the ſhineing ſteel;)
Theſe fond emotions fill'd LUCRETIA's breaſt,
A moment's joy is by ſtrong grief ſuppreſt,
Oftimes a tender ſigh would force it's way
For thoſe, who're doom'd to fatal war a prey:
But then her grateful thanks to *Heaven* ſhe gives,
By whoſe kind power her gallant lord yet lives!
In pleaſing converſe thus the hours they paſt,
'Till each retir'd to their repoſe at laſt,

But reſtleſs TARQUIN, riſes from his bed,
On his fell purpoſe to LUCRETIA ſped;
As he roam'd thro' each room, the paſſing wind
Waft's back his light, and ſhocks his guilty mind,
Imagin'd ſpectres now obſtruct his way,
And ſcreeching Owls, his palled ſoul diſmay!
With falchion bare, his pace he trembling keeps,
And ſeeks the chamber where LUCRETIA ſleeps;
There on a ſtately bed of curious frame,
In pleaſing dreams he found the noble dame.

E'en ſo the prowling wolf, at dead of night,
Leaping the ſheep-fold, does the flock affright;
His jaws diſtend, the tender lambs to ſeize,
The bleeding *victims* then devours with eaſe.

Thus ſhe awaking, ſees the tyrant ſtand,
With utmoſt horror hears his dread command!
" Conſent this night to yield to my deſire,
" Give up thy Charms to cool my youthful fire;
" If you refuſe, then force ſhall work my will,
" That done, ſome wretched ſlave of thine I'll kill;
" Claſpt in one dead embrace, you both ſhall lay,
" Expos'd to ſhame the next enſuing day:
" But if you'll yield, it ſecret ſhall remain,
" Nor prying cenſure e'er thy honor ſtain;
" Weigh well my words, to this requeſt comply,
" Embrace this moment, or the next you die.

With hands uprais'd, for mercy ſhe implor'd;
" Wound not your friendſhip with my much lov'd lord;
" As princely TARQUIN I you entertain'd,
" By this vile act be not your honor ſtain'd;
" This horrid deed, will mar thy former fame,
" Will blaſt thy laurels, family, and name;

You'll

" You'll ſtand accurſed to all future times,
" And babes unborn, be taught to liſp your crimes.
" 'Tis not perform'd, then nobly now repent,
" The precious moments ſeize that Heaven has lent,
" Embrace that mercy it extends to all,
" And riſe ſtill greater, than before thy fall.

I'll hear no more, thou ſupplicates in vain,
" From my intent (by Heav'n) I'll not refrain!
" Partake the joy or elſe thy doom await,
" I'll not retract, but truſt the event to fate.

Then on the ground the light extinguiſh'd lies,
To hide the diſmal ſcene from mortal Eyes;
But yet high Heaven aſſerts its regal ſway,
And ſtrikes the guilty *wretch* with dread diſmay!
Conſcience makes bare the horror of his deed,
E're morning light, he fled with utmoſt ſpeed.

Now *Sol* in ſplendor uſhers in the day,
And chearful birds ſet chaunting on each ſpray;
When weeping LUCRECE ſaw the piercing light,
In deep diſtreſs ſhe wiſh'd for ſable night;
Her loud complaining reach'd her ſervant's ear,
Who ſtruck with awe, to queſtion doth forbear;
O'erwhelm'd in tears each ſilent doth remain,
Till words found vent to mitigate her pain.

" Diſpatch this mandate to my honor'd lord,
" Tell him, if he wou'd inſtant help afford,
" Quick let him fly to his moſt injur'd wife,
" E'er cruel grief, bereaves her of her life;
" O let me view him and for vengeance crave,
" Then ſhrink to duſt, and moulder in my grave.

A faithful ſlave the dreadful meſſage bears,
Her lord tranſfixt, the awful ſummons hears!
He paus'd awhile, then drew his glitt'ring ſword,
The nobles join'd him and engag'd their word;
With one conſent they ſwear to right her fame,
So lov'd, ſo honor'd, was this virtuous dame.

Arriv'd——they range themſelves in order round,
In mourning weeds they find her on the ground:
This COLLATINE beholds and longs to know,
What dreadfull curſe compels theſe tears to flow.

"LUCRETIA ſpeak, to thy lov'd lord complain,
"With me thou ſurely canſt not plead in vain;
"Thy great avenger's here, behold he cries,
"Impale'd! the guilty wretch (who wrong'd you) dies.

At his requeſt, with falt'ring tongue ſhe ſaid,
"A royal ſpoiler has uſurp'd thy bed.
"With brutal force depriv'd thy guiltleſs wife,
"Of that bright jewel dearer than her life;
"In dead of night the cruel tyrant came,
"Awake he cries! awake thou *Roman Dame!*
"Prepare with me to act the guilty part,
"This *falchion* elſe ſhall pierce thy tender heart;
"Then ſome baſe groom in my revenge I'll ſlay,
"In one polluted bed you both ſhall lay;
"Hence laſting annals ſhall record thy ſhame,
"And future ages ſtigmatiſe, thy name:
"This ſaid, he ſeized me (tremb'ling) for his prey,
"Riſl'd my ſweets, and fled by dawn of day.

"You noble lords! e'er I reveal his name,
"from lying cenſure ſave my injur'd fame,
"Unto the erring world the truth reſtore;
This to confirm with ſacred oaths they ſwore!

"Here

" Here then you *noble peers*, hear this of me,
" From luſtful TARQUIN, thus I ſet me free:
She plung'd the poniard in her harmleſs breaſt,
Forth from the wound a crimſon torrent preſt,
The winged *ſpirit* to bliſsful regions ſoar'd,
Her fatal end each gen'rous lord deplor'd.

Aſtoniſh'd! they at firſt all ſilent ſtood,
And ſtruck with wonder view the ſcene of blood!
'Till riſing paſſion fill'd their woe-fraught breaſt,
And BRUTUS thus his angry thoughts expreſt;
" Rouſe ye to vengeance, think of what you've ſworn,
" This awful *victim* ſhall to *Rome* be borne;
" Invoke the GOD's! to juſtify your cauſe,
" Revenge! Revenge! ſhall echo with applauſe!
His words deep ſinking in each tortur'd ear
Reviv'd their ſpirits and diſpell'd each fear.

The lifeleſs corſe upon a bier they lay,
Bath'd o'er in blood, to *Rome* with ſpeed convey;
The awful ſcene a diſmal terror ſpread,
And throngs promiſcuous croud around the dead!
They publiſh TARQUIN's crime thro' e'ery ſtreet,
Invoke each *Roman* that they chance to meet!
Enrag'd! (with one conſent), the people cry
" Baniſh the TARQUINS, or let freedom die."

Their hated race, were then expell'd from *Rome*,
They fell unpitied, no one mourn'd their doom:
To kingly power, *Rome* bore a deadly hate,
And chang'd to CONSULS was the *Regal State*.

F I N I S.